

The sun rises in the east, but bread rises with the yeast in it.

Shirt Bosoms

Should always be dried before starching. Apply "Faultless Starch" freely to both sides, roll up tight with bosom inside and lay aside twenty minutes before ironing. All grocers sell "Faultless Starch," 10c.

It is easy enough for a young man to paddle his own canoe when his father provides the canoe and paddle.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Sympathy, like a man playing blindman's buff, is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The favorite in a horse race is the one that wins when you don't bet on him.

Do Not Suffer.

Suffering is unnecessary. Cascarets Candy Cathartic kills disease germs, cleans out the body, removes the first cause of suffering. All drugists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Large heads do not always indicate genius. Too often they are monuments of the previous night's foolishness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Kissing may be unhealthy, but nothing is gained, nothing lost.

Pico's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The more you pay for experience the more it is worth to you.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

As measured by the warrants drawn on the war and navy departments in excess of those drawn during the previous year the war with Spain and the war in the Philippines growing out of it have cost to the 1st of June \$254,418,206. Including the Spanish indemnity the cost has been \$274,418,206.

BILIOUSNESS

Do you get up with a headache? Is there a bad taste in your mouth? Then you have a poor appetite and a weak digestion. You are frequently dizzy, always feel dull and drowsy. You have cold hands and feet. You get but little benefit from your food. You have no ambition to work and the sharp pains of neuralgia dart through your body. What is the cause of all this trouble? Constipated bowels.

Ayer's PILLS

will give you prompt relief and certain cure. Keep Your Blood Pure. If you have neglected your case a long time, you had better take Ayer's Sarsaparilla also. It will remove all impurities that have been accumulating in your blood and will greatly strengthen your nerves. Write the Doctor. There may be something about your case you do not quite understand. Write the doctor freely: tell him how you are suffering. You will promptly receive the best medical advice. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Thousands Killed. EVERY SHEET Dutcher's Fly Killer

As Black as your Whiskers DYE A Natural Black with Buckingham's Dye. 50 cts. per 1/2 lb. or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets

WANTED—Case of bad heart that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,500 testimonials.

PICO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

DICK RODNEY; or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy... BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.) This feat I achieved with considerable peril, for the birds, when roused from their eyries, whooped, screamed, and wheeled in flocks and circles about me, flapping their huge wings; so that once I became so bewildered, that instead of clambering again to the summit of the cliff, I began a descent toward the foaming sea below. In rescinding my hat was blown away, and with it the wretched eggs for which I had risked my life and limbs. After this event I resolved to procure food for myself alone, and instead of returning to Antonio, who usually loitered about the hut our men had left, I went to the opposite side of the island, and found a banana grove, wherein I took up my quarters. I had been thirty-six hours without seeing my pleasant chum, the Cubano, or being near him with food. I knew that his rage would be great, and feeling myself unusually weak, after all the mental excitement and bodily exposure I had undergone, necessity compelled me now to avoid him strictly, as I was totally incapable of contending with him in any way. If he found me to plead that I had been searching for berries about sunrise, on the western side of the isle, and while the sun, though up, was yet below the great mountain and cast its shadow to the extreme horizon of the hazy morning sea, I encountered Antonio at last. Hunger, apparently, had rendered him furious; but feeling certain in a moment that timidity would do me no service, I started back and said in Spanish: "Ha! ha! I told you what would happen when I wanted food," said he, feeling the point of his knife. My blood ran cold at these words, and I cast a longing eye upon my lost hatchet; he saw the glance and tramped upon the weapon with a mocking laugh. "What do you mean, Cubano?" I asked, in an almost breathless voice. "Simply this—that, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, I am bound to kill you." He had the revolver in his hand, and while he cast a glance at the caps on the breach, as if to see that they were all right, and sheathed his knife, I made a bound aside and placed a banana tree between us. The dastard fired, and the ball, as it whistled past, stripped off a piece of bark. In the same manner I escaped a second shot, so Antonio, finding that his much-prized ammunition was likely to be expended fruitlessly, rushed forward to use his knife. The tendril of a pumpkin caught his left foot, he fell heavily and hurt himself severely. Then, darting past, I secured my hatchet, and rendered furious by the imminent danger which menaced me, a light seemed to flash before my eyes, I trembled with rage, and felt as if imbued with supernatural strength. I was about to spring upon Antonio with hands, feet and teeth, to hew him with the hatchet as I would have hewn a tree, when a new object suddenly caught my eye. It was a ship—but a ship ashore. "Cubano," I exclaimed in a lusty voice, "look there!" Antonio looked in the direction indicated, and, pausing in his murderous intention, uttered a fierce laugh of satisfaction. In the rocky channel which opened between the inaccessible island and ours there lay the wave-beaten hull of a dismasted vessel, which might have drifted in over night, as it was certainly not there yesterday, and it was now jammed hard and fast upon a reef of rock that connected them. This new object changed at once the terrible current of the Cuban's ideas. A grim smile passed over his olive countenance, he shook back the oil-like masses of coal-black hair, which, in sky-terrier fashion, overhung his wild dark eyes, and sheathing his knife, said: "Mio muchacho—come; I was only joking. Yonder we will find food, perhaps, and who knows what more? Come, it is a bargain, and if you don't desert me, I shall not molest you again." He proceeded at once toward the beach, and I was hungry enough, and perhaps reckless enough now, to be glad of a truce, and to follow him, in the hope of finding something eatable on board.

CHAPTER XXXIV. The Homeward Voyage. My heart beat happily; I was no longer a lonely maroon, but on the high road to home and Old England. We were rescued by a ship hailed by Hislop and the others. We had several days of the finest tropical weather, and they passed unmarked by a greater incident than seeing a shoal of dolphins, sparkling as they surged through the brine; the silvery flying fish leap from one green watery slope to another, while the dark, crooked fin of the stealthy shark glided as usual in the trough of the sea between; a piece of weedy drift-wood with Mother Cary's chickens or albatrosses, floating near it, or perhaps at the horizon the topsails of a vessel

hull-down, appearing for a time like white or dusky specks, according to the position of the sun. The captain of the San Ildefonso perceiving that Marc Hislop and I were great friends kindly placed us in the same watch. As for Antonio the Cubano, we never went near him if we could help it. He was placed, in the cable tier, and for more complete security, in the bilboes, which are iron shackles that confine the feet. However, we daily heard from the surgeon and from Fra Anselmo, who was somewhat skilled in surgery, and who undertook his cure bodily and mentally, that the wound under the right armpit had proved slight, through the lungs had escaped narrowly, but that the other in the breast had penetrated the fleshy portion of the heart, and was a very dangerous one. The friar added that "the Cubano was not one of those men who are easily killed, and thus he would recover rapidly." We also heard that Antonio was well cared for, as he had discovered one or two friends among the crew, such as the seaman Benito Ojeda, a most villainous looking, beetle browed and squat little Catalonian, who seemed to be the worst character on board, and was engaged in perpetual quarrels. A few days after crossing the tropic of Cancer, on a lovely afternoon, we again saw the peak of Tenerife lighted up by the western sunshine and rising like a cone of red flame from the blue sea. The clouds seemed to rise with it, and ere long we saw its base spreading out beneath them. "Tennyreef again!" I heard old Tom Lambourne muttering, as he leaned over the lee bow, with a short pipe in his mouth. "Dash my wig! I have had a spell enough of Tennyreef before this!" Manuel Gautier and Hislop now came with a party of seamen to get the anchors off the forecable to her bows. This was no light task, the reader may be assured, for they were each about forty-five hundred weight; and now the ponderous cables rattled along the deck as they were bent to the iron rings. We approached this singular island from a point that was new to me; but still its great and most familiar features were the same as when I first saw them from the deck of the Eugenie. Estremera now reminded us that when at Tenerife we should not fail to visit the two great sights of the island—the Valley of the Diamond and the old Dragon tree of Caora. The wind was fresh and fair, but felt light after sunset; and when the high land of the Grand Canary was on our starboard beam it almost died away. As we crept on we saw the lighthouse at the base of La Montana Rexo, which in the warm sunset seemed to have turned into blood or port wine, so deeply crimson was the glow that lingered on the clouds and on the shore; and then the vast peak—save where girdled in midair by a light floating vapor—seemed all of a deep violet tint dotted at its base by the white walls of houses, or of sugar mills and by groves of cocoa and rosewood trees. Darkness was soon there, but still the sunset lingered in rays of fire upon the mighty peak of Adam, on which the eye never tired of gazing. By midnight we were abreast of it, and all was darkness at last save where the millions of stars were sparkling in the wide blue dome of the sky. Hislop and I were in the morning-watch when the ship arrived off the mouth of the harbor of Santa Cruz—that pretty town which Humboldt termed the most beautiful between Spain and the Indies. A flash that broke the darkness, with a light puff of smoke floating away from the old castle walls, indicated the morning gun, and that dawn was visible. It seemed as if it were but yesterday when the Eugenie and the Costa Rican brig had worked out of the same harbor together, in the same species of dull twilight, and that all which had passed since that time had been a dream. We beat in with the breeze ahead. The light of another day was rapidly descending from the summit of the peak, and already that green girdle named the Region of Laurels was shining in the sunbeam; so ere long we saw the windows of the custom house, which stands above the long mole, and all the shaded lattices of the terraced streets of Santa Cruz, glittering in gold and purple sheen. The anchors were ready to be let go; the chain cables were ranged upon deck in long coils that ran fore and aft; we tacked repeatedly, and each time the tacks became shorter and more frequent. "Ready about! Presto! down with the helm—let fly the head-sheets!" were the orders heard incessantly from Estremera and Manuel Gautier. The yards flapped around sharply and the canvas slapped with a sound like the cracking of musketry; at last the anchor was let go about a half mile from the shore in thirty fathoms of

water and the ship swung round head to wind as her courses were brailed up, and the men hurried aloft to hand the topsails and topgallant sails; so she was soon denuded of her canvas. When the anchor plunged into the frothy water, making a thousand concentric ripples run from the ship; and when I felt, by the instant strain upon the cable, that she had firm hold of the ground, my heart swelled with unalloyed happiness; for to be in Tenoriffe was to be far on the watery high road to my home. Santa Cruz being the capital of these isles, is the residence of the captain-general of the Canaries, the seat of the supreme court of law, and of all the consuls and commissaries of foreign powers, whose various flags, when displayed upon their houses, make the handsome streets as gay in aspect as the harbor, which is always crowded by the shipping of every nation. A custom house boat, with the Spanish ensign floating at the stern, came promptly off with an official, a dandied creole in uniform, with a sombrero on his curly head, a saber at his side, and a cigar in his mouth. To him Capt. Estremera made a full report of the mutiny which had broken out in his ship when off the African coast, and the stern mode of its suppression. Hence, in two hours after, we had the satisfaction of seeing Antonio el Cubano, Benito Ojeda, the old tindal of the Lascars, and eight other rascals, taken off to the castle of Santa Cruz in a large open boat, guarded by twelve Spanish soldiers, in charge of a lieutenant, Don Luiz Pineda. I can still recall the glance of impotent and baffled malignity that Antonio bestowed on us as he went down the ship's side. It combined all the worst emotions of his angry heart, and somewhat reminded me of his face in that terrible moment when he swung at the end of the studding sail-bow, with despair in his clutch and death in his heart. We watched the boat till it reached the long stone mole, and then we saw the fixed bayonets of the escort flashing, as the whole party ascended the great stair toward the custom house, and surrounded by a mob of those nautical idlers who usually make a pier their lounge, disappear in the interior of the town, as they marched toward the castle. Two episodes more will close the story of Antonio—his trial and punishment.

CHAPTER XXXV. The Last of Antonio El Cubano. The trial came on it a couple of days after, and proceeded with a celerity unknown in England or Scotland either. We were all examined, and previously were sworn, not on a Bible, but over two sword blades held in the form of a cross—for such is the old chivalric custom in a Spanish court of law. Without hesitation the judges found Antonio guilty; he was sentenced to die by the garrote, and heard his doom with apparent apathy. The tindal of the Lascars was released, as it would appear that he had acted under compulsion; but Benito Ojeda and eight other Spanish seamen were sentenced to work in the fortifications or on the highways for ten years, in chains, as felons or galley slaves. A few days later we found a great crowd of colonists, citizens, mulattoes, creoles and negroes, all in motley and gaudily striped linen jackets and trousers, assembled in the Plaza, where a guard of Spanish infantry, with muskets shouldered and bayonets fixed, kept back the people in the form of a hollow square about a raised wooden platform, which was covered with black cloth and whereon was placed the garrote. "What is all this about?" we asked. "It is for the execution of Antonio, a Cuban pirate, who is to die by the garrote," replied a soldier. (To be continued.)

THACKERAY'S GENTLER SIDE. Years of Perfect Happiness—His Own and His Wife's Love. The following letter was written in 1838 by Thackeray to his wife: "Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which he has given me! It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope—for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness? Our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty, or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us, as the best and wisest in the world prayed that he might not be led into temptation. "I think happiness is as good as prayers and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture; you only see a little bit of it when you are near the canvas. Go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is. "I don't know that I shall have done much by coming away, except by being so awfully glad to get back." Elephants as Nurses. Siamese women intrust their children to the care of elephants, who are careful never to hurt the little creatures, and if danger threatens, the sagacious animal will curl the child gently up in his trunk and swing it up and out of harm's way upon its own broad back.

What a Little Faith Did FOR MRS. ROCKWELL.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINEHAM NO. 69,884] "I was a great sufferer from female weakness and had no strength. It was impossible for me to attend to my household duties. I had tried everything and many doctors, but found no relief. "My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did; before using all of one bottle I felt better. I kept on with it and to my great surprise I am cured. All who suffer from female complaints should give it a trial."—MRS. ROCKWELL, 1209 S. DIVISION ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. "From a Grateful Newark Woman. "When I wrote to you I was very sick, had not been well for two years. The doctors did not seem to help me, and one said I could not live three months. I had womb trouble, falling, ulcers, kidney and bladder trouble. There seemed to be such a drawing and burning pain in my bowels that I could not rest anywhere. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and following your advice, I feel well again and stronger than ever. My bowels feel as if they had been made over new. With many thanks for your help, I remain, L. G., 74 ANN ST., NEWARK, N. J."

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Thompson's Eye Water.

Now Get your gun and load it well With giant powder, shot and shell; Prepare to lay aside your task To greet the fool who always asks— "Is it hot enough for you?"

When you come to Omaha don't forget we've the coolest store in America and we keep Cool Clothing by the carload. We won't ask you if it's hot enough for you, but we do say that we can furnish you with comfortable clothing that is both good and serviceable for less money than any other clothing house in the world.

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TAKE ADVANTAGE OF Special Excursion Rates to Omaha

See the Greater America Exposition AND SAVE BIG MONEY By Trading at BOSTON STORE, N. W. cor. 16th and Douglas Streets, (The heart of the town) OMAHA, - NEBRASKA. Largest Retail Establishment in the West, 500 Salespeople.



When you come to Omaha visit this store during your stay. Boston Store is not only the largest retail establishment in the west, but it is also the most popular and widely known. Our strictly cash business, both in buying and selling, running into the millions per annum, gives us opportunities that no other Western House possess and enables us at all times to offer you better goods for less money than others. The visible increase in our business day after day is due to the positive fact that we satisfy the wants and demands of our customers. Nothing is ever misrepresented, every article is sold upon its own merits, every department in our immense establishment is conducted on the same principles, carrying a complete stock of its kind, embracing everything that is called for in that line. We sell everything that man, woman or child wears from head to foot, as well as certain furnishings for the house, such as carpets, draperies, linens, jewelry, etc. You are requested to make our store your headquarters while in town. We know it will certainly pay you to do your trading with us.

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Now Git

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